cracked the plate, and the pieces fell out! Toole hadn't to bother about such subtleties, and Henry's deep-laid plans for getting a laugh must have seemed funny to dear Toole, who had only to come on and say " Whoop! " and the audience roared!

Henry's death as Macaire was one of a long list of splendid deaths. Macaire knows the game is up, and makes a rush for the French window's at the back of the stage. The soldiers on the stage shoot him before le gets away. Henry did not drop, but turned round., svraggered impudently down to the table, leaned on it, then suddenly rolled over, dead*

Henry's production of " Werner " for one matinfc was to do some one a *gSod* turn, and when Henry did a " good turn," he did it magnificently.[1] We rehearsed the play as carefully as if we were in for a long run. Beautiful dresses were made for me by my friend Alice Carr. But when we had given that one matinee, they were pat away for ever. The play may be described as gloom, gloom, gloom. It was worse than " The Iron Chest"

While Henry was occupying himself with " Werner/' I was pleasing myself with "The Amber Heart," a play by Alfred Calmour, a young man who was at this time WiBs's secretary. I wanted to do it, not only to help Calmour, but because I believed in tie play and liked the part of Ellaline. I had thought of giving a matinee of it at some other theatre, but Henry, who at first didn't like my doing it at all, said : " You must da it at the Lyceum,

I can't let you, or it, go out of the theatre."

So we had the matinee at the Lyceum. Mr. WiUard

*** *From my Diary, June* i, 1887.—* WestlAnd-iLirifcco Benefit at the Lyceum. A triumphant succeaa entirely doe to the gtgfats and admirable industry and devotion of H. L, far it is jmst the dullwt play to read as ever was! He made it *iittoutty* mterovtiag."**